Kings and Qu

LADIES and gentlemen, allow us to introduce the kings and queens of America. First in the royal family comes E. C. Hampton of Hollywood, California, cucumber king. Why is he the cucumber king? Because last year he sold $60,000 worth of the "long green." He started with a twenty-foot hothouse, and to-day uses 36,000 square feet of glass-covered ground.

AND here is Ty Cobb, the baseball king. Ty leads the batting list year after year, and is the most talked about player in the world. What is he doing here behind the wire netting? He is taking the bread out of our wives' and children's mouths by writing up the world's series. Everybody is writing, these days; it's a wonder we writers and editors manage to live at all.

THE first day there were five guinea-pigs. The second there were twenty-five. Ever read "Pigs Is Pigs"? When Miss Abbie Lathrope read it she said, "There's money, if you could sell the cute things." She could. Now she supplies hospitals all over the country with guinea-pigs for experimental purposes. She also raises mice for the same purpose. Let's call her the mouse queen. Why be afraid of mice and things, when they bring you fifteen dollars a day?

NEXT in the royal line comes Grandpa Morecraft of Rossville, Illinois, skunk king. Three thousand skunks gambol about his royal palace, each one worth $100 as a mouser or a fur-bearer. The picture shows Grandpa with $100 worth of skunk on his shoulder; and Grandpa will wear this same shirt to-morrow, too, which proves what a little love and kindness will do even with a skunk.

WHEN President Wilson turns smilingly to Mrs. Galt and says, "My dear, which do you prefer, white meat or dark?" and she answers, "A little of both, thank you, Woodrow," the meat to which they refer will be furnished by this bird. The royal gentleman supporting the bird is James Lord, turkey king of America, who has supplied every President since McKinley.

THIS benevolent-looking king has put several thousand barrels of red paint on dolls' faces and toy rocking-horses to be licked off by the babies of America. He is Morton E. Converse of Winchendon, Massachusetts, the toy king. Since the war put the German toy factories out of business, Winchendon works night and day. Personally, Mr. Converse thinks that Sherman was a little severe in what he said about war.